"DUCKMAN
and The Case of the Missing Chromosome"

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INT. DOORWAY -- DAY.

OPEN ON an old fashioned office door with the words "DUCKMAN -- PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS" stenciled on the smoked glass. Jazzy detective music builds.

NARRATOR
If you need a guy who knows the streets, who can handle a gun and a dangerous dame, then you need...

DRAMATIC MUSIC STING as the door swings open, revealing Duckman, a six foot tall duck standing in the office, staring right at camera.

NARRATOR
DUCKMAN! Private Dick/Family Man!

Next to Duckman stands cute looking sign that reads "THANK YOU FOR NOT SMOKING." A cigarette dangles from Duckman's beak. He puffs with all he's got.

DUCKMAN
What the hell are you starin' at?

NARRATOR
Tonight's episode...The Case of the Missing Chromosome!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

CLOSE ON TRUNK OF A '52 BUICK -- a pair of hands insert a nail file into the key hole of the trunk lock.

WIDE SHOT -- a gang of teenagers are gathered around the back of the Buick as one of them picks the lock, his back to us so we can't see his face.

TEEN #1
Give it up, dude, you'll never do it.

TEEN #2
Shut up, boner, I will too.

ANGLE ON UPSTAIRS HOUSE WINDOW -- CAMERA MOVES INSIDE...

INT. DUCKMAN'S HOUSE

PULL BACK from the window and PAN across the wall to a framed diploma from the "Mr. Chuck School of Private Investigation." It's a cheap-looking document with a gold seal and old English scrawl that says "Presented to Duckman."

WE MOVE DOWN FROM THE DIPLOMA to a bed where the shape of a man is sleeping under the covers. Suddenly, the entire room jumps like a piston -- boom, boom, boom -- leaving inanimate objects hanging for a split second in the air before they drop and are jolted again...

BEATRICE (O.S.)
(distant bellowing -- in synch with the jumping room)
One - two - three - four...

The room pounds harder, harder, harder. Suddenly, the character under the covers bolts up: DUCKMAN, a man sized duck with a flock of red hair and a long orange bill. He has no eyes.

BEATRICE (O.S.)
You - can - do - it - feel - the - burn.

Duckman feels around on the night stand next to his bed until he finds a pair of glasses (they include his eyes in the lenses.) He puts them on, blinks a couple of times, and looks around the room as the room continues to shake.

DUCKMAN
(bleary eyed -- bristling)
A man can't even sleep in his own damn house.

INT. STAIRWELL -- LATER.

Duckman staggers down the stairs. The house is still shaking violently.

BEATRICE (O.S.)
513 - 514 - 515 - Yes - Yes - YES!

As Duckman passes the living room, he hears the sounds of loud bickering.

CHARLES and MAMBO (O.S.)
(bickering)
DID NOT! DID TOO! DID NOT! DID TOO!

Duckman stops in mid step.

DUCKMAN
CHARLES! MAMBO! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO NOW?!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONT.

CLOSE ON THE FACES of CHARLES and MAMBO, two pre-adolescent duck kids, frozen in mid-strangle of each other.

CHARLES/MAMBO
Nothing, Dad.

INT. HALLWAY STAIRS -- CONT.

DUCKMAN
Dammit! One more word out of you two and I'll have you separated.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONT.

MEDIUM SHOT -- revealing that Charles and Mambo are actually the two heads of one body.

CHARLES/MAMBO
Yes, Dad.

They look at each other nastily, then continuing fighting, now quietly.

CHARLES and MAMBO
(sotto)
Did not. Did too. Did not. Did too.

The house continues shaking violently.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING.

A large duckwoman, dressed in spandex tights JUMPS UP AND DOWN, excercising, shaking the house violently with every jumping jack.

Duckman enters the kitchen.

DUCKMAN
Mornin' Beatrice.

Duckman's wife, BEATRICE, continues jumping, ignoring him.

BEATRICE

DUCKMAN
I said "mornin' dear".

BEATRICE
(to herself, in near-orgasmic anticipation)
Oh, oh, oh! Here come those endorphins!

Duckman turns to leave.

DUCKMAN
(muttering to himself)
Why do I bother?

EXT. DUCKMAN'S HOUSE -- DAY.

A half dozen young punk teenagers are huddled around the Buick's trunk. One of the kids (AJAX), a big, dumpy duck-kid with a flattop, is picking the lock with a fingernail file. Screwdrivers and other tools are scattered on the ground. The other kids watch with interest as Ajax leans close to the latch of the trunk, listening like a professional lock-picker, but his face looks like the visage of a lobotomy victim. Something clicks inside the lock and the trunk opens.

Ajax straightens up, smiling, and turns to a big kid in the group.

AJAX
See, dufus. Told you I could do it.
(holds out his hand)
Now pay me.

The Big Kid grins maliciously, then pushes Ajax into the trunk and shuts it with a loud slam.

AJAX
(muffled through trunk)
Hey, let me outta here! Let me out!

The other kids all laugh.

Suddenly, the front door of the house opens, and DUCKMAN, steps out.

DUCKMAN
Hey, you kids, get away from my car!

He rushes down the steps toward them. All the kids scatter and run away.

DUCKMAN
Crummy punks.

Duckman gets in the car and starts it up. A huge cloud of exhaust explodes out the muffler with a big bang.

AJAX
(muffled through trunk)
Help! Let me out!

ANGLE ON DUCKMAN hearing banging. He shakes his head.

DUCKMAN
Damn muffler.

He drives away, the cloud of black smoke billows behind him.

EXT. FREEWAY -- DAY.

The Buick makes it way slowly down a congested freeway, slowing down all the traffic behind it, a huge cloud of smoke in its wake. Cars honk and drivers cough as they try to pass.

ANGLE ON DUCKMAN driving. He smokes a cigarette and leans his arm casually out the window. An angry driver passes the window.

DRIVER
You butt hole!

DUCKMAN
(sarcastic)
Oooo, good one.

EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A decrepit old woman driving a vintage Ramber (with handicap stickers all it) is about to pull into the handicap spot. Duckman's Buick cuts her off and zips into the spot.

OLD WOMAN
Hey!

Duckman leaps out of the car.

DUCKMAN
Better luck next time, grandma.

Duckman pulls out a blue handicapped license plate and fixes it over his regular plate.

He struts confidently up to the office building. A cop car drives by. He sees it and starts limping. As Duckman limps into the building, we hold on the trunk of the car. We hear pounding.

AJAX
(muffled)
Dad? Is that you Dad?

INT. DUCKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Duckman walks in, puffing on the last of a cigarette. FLUFFY and URANUS, Duckman's annoying little stuffed animal temp workers, scamper up to him. Fluffy holds a cute little cup and saucer with "Hello Kitty" stickers all over it.

URANUS
Good morning, Mr. Duckman. Fluffy and I made you a nice cup of herb tea.

Duckman stomps past them, depositing his cigarette butt into the cup of tea.

DUCKMAN
(snapping)
Get me a cup a coffee and make it quick!

FLUFFY
Decaffeinated?

DUCKMAN
I'll decaffeinate you, ya little furball.

Duckman tromps toward his office, mumbling to himself.

DUCKMAN
Goddamn teddy bears. I gotta call that Temp Company and get rid of them. I said "send me a couple of blondes with long legs and big boobs." Instead, I get Rageddy Ann and Andy.

INT. DUCKMAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE -- CONT.

Duckman marches in. CORNFED, Duckman's loyal "pig-Friday," is sitting upright in a chair, reading the Police Gazette. Duckman plops into his discount executive chair, leans back with a loud squeak and throws his arms behind his head.

DUCKMAN
Hey, Corny ol' pal, how's my number one pig-Friday?

CORNFED
(deadpan)
Aces, Duckman.

DUCKMAN
(rubbing his hands together)
This is the day. I can feel it. We're gonna get a lotta cases today. They'll be lined up outside the door.

CORNFED
You got some messages.

DUCKMAN
I knew it. Don't tell me, don't tell me.

He presses his fingers to his temples like a soothsayer.

DUCKMAN
Just give me the initials of the people who want to talk to me, and I'll use my private eye instincts to figure out who they are.

Cornfed drops a stack of letters in front of his boss.

CORNFED
PG&E, AT&T, I.R.S.

Duckman makes a face...

DUCKMAN
Ewwww.

CORNFED
I don't know who's been calling 1-900-BABE, but it's sure jacking up the phone bill.

Duckman chuckles nervously, then changes the subject:

DUCKMAN
Don't worry, Cornfed. Any minute now, we'll be up to our ears in big cases. Stolen jewels, kidnapping, even... murder.

Duckman's eyes go wide and faraway as he fantasizes... Cornfed looks skeptical in his deadpan way and looks at the clock on the wall. It says 9:30...

DUCKMAN (o.s.)
Yessir, any minute now...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DUCKMAN'S OFFICE - LATER

The clock now says 3:30. WE HEAR SOBBING...Duckman is slumped over his desk, weeping uncontrollably, a beaten man.

DUCKMAN
I'm a loser, Corny. I'll never get a case. I'm finished. I have no right to live...

He HOWLS like a baby and pounds his fist on the desk weakly. Cornfed watches, deadpan.

FLUFFY
(over intercom)
Excuse me, Mr. Duckman. There's someone here to see you.

Duckman sits up and brightens instantly.

DUCKMAN
(cocky again)
I told you Cornfed, we're rollin' now. I never doubted it for a minute. This is the big case I was talking about.

Cornfed rolls his eyes. In an extremely quick motion, Duckman pulls phony trophies and awards from his desk drawer and arranges them on his desk. He licks his palms and smooths back his mop of orange hair. He grins in sly anticipation.

DUCKMAN
(into intercom)
Send her in.

The door bursts open and Beatrice rushes in, looking frantic and frazzled, still in workout clothes, curling a barbell.

BEATRICE
Duckman, you've got to do something!

Duckman's face falls.

DUCKMAN
Beatrice?! What are you doing here?

BEATRICE
Ajax is missing!

DUCKMAN
So? What are you bothering me for?

BEATRICE
You've got to find him.

DUCKMAN
Why me?

BEATRICE
(taken aback)
You're his father!

DUCKMAN
Oh, sure, throw that up at me.

BEATRICE
I called his school. He never showed up. And today was fish stick day. He never misses fish stick day!

DUCKMAN
Relax. He's disappeared lots of times. He'll be back in two or three days.

BEATRICE
I want you to find him. God knows what could happen to him. He's only fifteen.

Duckman sighs.

DUCKMAN
Allright, allright.

Duckman presses the intercom button.

DUCKMAN
Fluffy, bring in one of our standard contracts.

BEATRICE
(offended)
Duckman!

DUCKMAN
Don't worry, I'll give you the family discount.

Beatrice glares at him. Her eyes are on fire.

DUCKMAN
Okay, okay, I'll do it for free. Geez.

Beatrice leans toward him menacingly. There is a ominous threat in her voice.

BEATRICE
Just find him and get him home by seven! I'm making a yeast casserole.

Duckman cowers and gulps. She turns and storms out of the office. Duckman looks at Cornfed and sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY.

Cool Mancini-style music pounds as the Buick rumbles down the boulevard, smoke billowing behind it.

INT. DUCKMAN'S CAR-DRIVING - DAY

Cornfed drives. Duckman slumps in the passenger seat. WE HEAR MUFFLED BANGING coming from the trunk. Cornfed notices it and listens. Duckman is oblivious to it.

DUCKMAN
The first thing we've got to do is find out where kids hang out today. Where? Where? Think, dammit, think!

CORNFED
Duckman, do you hear something?

DUCKMAN
I don't hear anything.

CORNFED
It's coming from the back of the car...

DUCKMAN
Oh, that's just the muffler. Those cheaters down at Quickie-lube screwed me again.

INT. TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Ajax bangs on the trunk lid.

AJAX
Dad? Is that you? Hey, DAD!

INT. DUCKMAN'S CAR-DRIVING - LATER

Cornfed keeps driving. The banging stops. Duckman rubs his beak thoughtfully.

DUCKMAN
He couldn't have gone too far. He's got the brain capacity of a pterodactyl.

INT. TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Ajax lies on his back, just staring dully. He feels something under the spare tire, frowns, then reaches and pulls out an old, half-eaten candy bar. His face lights up.

AJAX
Cool, a "Big Chuck."

Ajax bites into it and munches happily.

AJAX
(singing the jingle)
Chocolate, raisins, coconut too...Crispy little mystery lumps... BIG CHUCK!

He takes another big bite.

EXT. SPIRO AGNEW HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY.

A group of tough looking kids hang out near a grafitti covered gray cement wall near the high school. The Buick drives up to the wall and parks.

INT. THE BUICK -- CONT.

Duckman and Cornfed watch a big, tough kid writing on the wall with a spray paint can.

CORNFED
Want me to come with you?

Duckman opens the door to get out.

DUCKMAN
(over confident)
I'll handle this, Corny. I know how to rap with these kids today.

EXT. WALL -- DAY.

The tough kid puts the finishing touches on his slogan. Duckman walks up to him.

DUCKMAN
Listen, punk. I know what you're into here, and I could run you in if I wanted to, but right now I'm looking for my kid, Ajax. Now, I want some answers and I want 'em fast, got me?!

The kid turns to look at Duckman.

INT. DUCKMAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Cornfed sits behind the wheel, deadpan as usual. Duckman opens the passenger door and gets in. His face is spray-painted completely black. Cornfed turns to look at him. Duckman stares straight ahead.

CORNFED
Did you rap with the kids?

DUCKMAN
Oh, shutup.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER.

The Buick speeds down a long boulevard, belching smoke in its wake.

CORNFED
Now, where're we going?

DUCKMAN
I got an idea how to bust this case wide open.

CORNFED
Why do I hate hearing that?

INT. TRUNK-DRIVING.

Ajax stares dumbly at the ceiling of the trunk and HUMS the "Big Chuck" song.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORTUNE TELLER'S - DAY.

A glowing eye fills the screen. Above it, in neon is a sign which reads: "Madame Rosarita Ronzoni...Rosarita knows."

Duckman and Cornfed pull up in the car.

CORNFED
What are we doing here, Duckman?

DUCKMAN
I've used this woman before. She's helped me solve lots of cases.

CORNFED
(very skeptical)
Like what?

DUCKMAN
Don't nitpick.

INT. MADAME ROSARITA'S - DAY

Madame Rosarita sits at a round table. Duckman sits across from her. A large crystal ball sits in the center of the table.

MADAME ROSARITA
I see a girl...

DUCKMAN
No.

MADAME ROSARITA
A rock...

DUCKMAN
No.

MADAME ROSARITA
A car...

DUCKMAN
Nope.

MADAME ROSARITA
A suitcase...a wallet...a forklift...a toilet plunger...a goat...

DUCKMAN
Nix...sorry...negatory...zippo...

MADAME ROSARITA
A boy...

DUCKMAN
That's it!
(to Cornfed)
-See, Corny, I told ya she was good.

Cornfed just rolls his eyes.

MADAME ROSARITA
Yes, I see a boy. A boy of five...

DUCKMAN
No.

MADAME ROSARITA
Seven.

DUCKMAN
No.

MADAME ROSARITA
Twelve.

DUCKMAN
Nope.

MADAME ROSARITA
Sixteen.

DUCKMAN
Wow! This is uncanny!
(to Cornfed)
She's really on a roll now.
(to Madame Rosarita)
Can you tell me where to find him?

MADAME ROSARITA
Look for a man with one eye. He will lead you to the boy.

DUCKMAN
(really into it)
Where will I find this one-eyed man?

MADAME ROSARITA
I see...a place...

DUCKMAN
Hear that, Cornfed! A place!

Duckman jumps to his feet.

DUCKMAN
Let's go!

CORNFED
Uh, don't we need a little more than -that?

DUCKMAN
Oh, uh, yeah.

Duckman sits back down.

MADAME ROSARITA
(continuing)
I see...bright lights...colors... people...

DUCKMAN
A gas station.

MADAME ROSARITA
No.

DUCKMAN
A flop house.

MADAME ROSARITA
No.

CORNFED
A carnival?

MADAME ROSARITA
Sure, why not, a carnival. That'll be five-hundred dollars.

She puts her palm out to Duckman.

INT. DUCKMAN'S CAR-DRIVING - EVENING.

Duckman looks determined and anxious. Cornfed drives, looking skeptical.

DUCKMAN
I told you, Cornfed. That woman is amazing.

CORNFED
(distant)
Five hundred dollars...five hundred dollars. I saw five hundred dollars once. It was rolling around in a barrel at the Saint Mike's Octoberfest. Some guy named Tito won it with one goddamn ticket. I bought a hundred and twenty seven. Go figger the odds. Go ahead, figger 'em.

DUCKMAN
(disgusted at Cornfed)
Get ahold a yourself, porky. Now that we got a lead, we're getting so close to that kid, I can almost hear him!

INT. TRUNK -- CONT.

Ajax stares blankly at the ceiling of the trunk.

AJAX
(singing)
Feelings...nothing more than feelings...

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

A brightly lit carnival with Ferris Wheels, and flashing lights, and caliope music has been set up beside the ocean in the "warf" section of town. The Buick pulls up and screeches to a stop.

DUCKMAN
This must be it, Cornfed, how many other carnivals do you know?

CORNFED
Well, there's Ziggy Brothers, Franco and Jerry's, Carnivale d' Francaise...

Duckman rolls eyes and leads Cornfed into the carnival. CAMERA TRACKS IN ON the trunk of the car.

AJAX
(soft pleading voice)
Help me...Help me...

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE CARNIVAL -- NIGHT.

Duckman and Cornfed walk through the carnival, through the colorful lights and sounds. They stop and look around.

DUCKMAN
(looking around)
Hmmmm, one-eyed man, one-eyed man, one-eyed man...

CORNFED
Look, Duckman, I really don't think this is...

DUCKMAN
(seeing something off screen)
Cornfed! There he is! Madame Rosarita was right.

ANGLE ON a big burly BIKER with one eye -- a tough-looking old sot, with big, tattooed arms and a sailor's swagger. He looks awful mean.

ANGLE ON DUCKMAN AND CORNFED.

CORNFED
(surprised)
Well, I'll be...

DUCKMAN
Come on!

EXT. CARNIVAL MAIN GATE -- NIGHT.

ANGLE ON ONE-EYED MAN -- He walks out of the carnival gate and across the street to a seedy-looking bar with a buzzing neon sign above the door that reads "Patches'". The one-eyed man goes in.

Duckman and Cornfed follow behind him. They go into the bar after him.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT.

The place is dark, but we can see that it's packed with TOUGH CUSTOMERS, hunched over drinks around tables. Some are playing pool in the back room. Duckman and Cornfed scan the bar. Duckman sees the one-eyed man settling onto a bar stool...

ANGLE ON ONE-EYED MAN, as Duckman walks up to him.

DUCKMAN
Excuse me, Sir...

The One Eyed Man spins around and snarls down at Duckman.

ONE EYED MAN
Yeah! What the hell do you want?!

Duckman swallows nervously.

DUCKMAN
Well, uh, to tell you the truth...I'm looking for my son, and...

The One Eyed Man's face softens and his eyes go wide.

ONE-EYED MAN
Dad? Is it really you?!

DUCKMAN
Hey, wait a minute. I think you got the wrong idea, pal...

The One Eyed Man embraces Duckman in a big sloppy hug.

ONE-EYED MAN
(blubbering)
All these years, I thought I was an orphan. Dad!!

DUCKMAN
(pushing the one eyed man away)
Hey, get off a me, you popeyed creep. I'm not your father. You think I could've possibly sired a misshapen, inbred, cyclops like you!

Suddenly, the noisy bar turns silent. Duckman and Cornfed turn.

DUCKMAN AND CORNFED'S POV: PAN ACROSS the barroom as we slowly realize that every single man in the bar has only one eye, all very very mean looking: bikers, pirates, Nazis, a KKK guy in a sheet with one eye hole, etc.), all staring straight at Duckman. Some practice hitting their fists into their hands, others weild billy jacks.

ANGLE ON DUCKMAN AND CORNFED -- looking scared. Cornfed gulps. Duckman chuckles nervously.

DUCKMAN
(grinning at them)
Course when I said "cyclops" I meant it the best possible sense of the word.

EXT. "PATCHES" BAR -- NIGHT.

We HEAR the sounds of fighting, bottles breaking. The door bursts open, Duckman and Cornfed RUN out. A beat. A stream of one-eyed thugs burst out and chase after them.

ONE-EYED MEN
Kill the bastards! Kill 'em!

Duckman and Cornfed speed across the street toward the carnival, the one-eyed men in hot pursuit.

EXT. CARNIVAL -- NIGHT.

A CONCESSIONAIRE stands in front of his booth selling rows and rows of swirled pink cotton candy on sticks. In the background a big Ferris wheel spins round and round.

CONCESSIONAIRE
Get yer cotton candy. Cotton candy right here!

Suddenly, a half dozen one-eyed men rush into frame.

ONE-EYED MAN #1
They must be around here somewhere! You guys go that way. We'll go this way!

They all rush off in different directions.

A beat, then one of the cotton candy balls rises up from the others and we see that it is Duckman, his head covered in the sticky pink stuff.

DUCKMAN
(to the cotton candy next to him)
Whew, that was close. Now, all we gotta do is get back to the parking lot, find the car, and get the hell out of here.

The cotton candy does not respond.

DUCKMAN
(getting concerned)
Cornfed? Cornfed? Speak to me, buddy!

The cotton candy behind Duckman rises up. It's Cornfed. He taps Duckman on the shoulder. Duckman turns and jumps.

DUCKMAN
Yaaaa!

ONE-EYED MEN (O.S.)
There they are! Get 'em!

Duckman and Cornfed take off, still covered with pink candy.

EXT. BUMPER CARS -- NIGHT.

Hyper-active, demented-looking kids laugh and scream as they slam their bumper cars into each other. Suddenly, Duckman and Cornfed jump onto the rink and zigzag between the speeding vehicles.

KID
Hey, mister, what do we get if we hit the duck?

All the other kids laugh and bear down on Duckman and Cornfed who try to jump out of the way.

DUCKMAN
Rotten little rugrats.

EXT. CARNIVAL TENTS -- NIGHT.

In an alley of tents, Duckman and Cornfed skitter to a stop and look around. In the background, a couple of One-Eyed Men scan the carnival.

ONE-EYED MAN #1
You seen 'em?

ONE-EYED MAN #2
Nope, but when I do, I'm gonna have me some Duck L'Orange!

Duckman reacts, lifts the side of the tent.

DUCKMAN
Quick, in here!

They dive together under the tent.

CAMERA PANS TO the front of the tent where a CARNIVAL BARKER yells to the passing crowd.

CARNIVAL BARKER
Hurry, hurry, hurry. Step right up to see the bearded lady! Only fifty cents to see one of the Eighth Wonders of the Modern World!

INT. BEARDED LADY'S TENT -- CONT.

The BEARDED LADY (with Roseanne Barr's body and Jerry Garcia's head) sits at her make-up mirror, trimming her long whiskers. There's a knock at the door.

VOICE
(behind door)
Five minutes, Miss Nair.

BEARDED LADY
Yeah, yeah, I'm comin'.
(to herself)
Twelve shows a week for this crummy money. I've got half a mind to shave.

She gets up and leaves, revealing Duckman and Cornfed under her stool, eyes closed tight, in the exact shape of the space under the stool.

DUCKMAN
Did you look?

CORNFED
Hell no. I'd have nightmares for years.

Duckman and Cornfed waddle out from under the stool, their bodies squished into the shape of the stool. After a couple of steps they pop back into their normal forms.

DUCKMAN
Come on, we gotta get outta here!

They rush to the back of the tent and peek through the flap.

DUCKMAN AND CORNFED'S POV -- a short fifty yards away is the parking lot and the BUICK!

DUCKMAN
There it is! Let's go.

Suddenly, a One-Eyed Man steps into frame and looks around, swinging a heavy chain.

CORNFED
Now what are we gonna do?

DUCKMAN
Let's wait. Maybe he'll leave pretty soon.

The One-Eyed Man sets up a portable TV set, pushes a Lazy-Boy lounger in front of it, shakes out a doily for the headrest, jumps into the lounger with his feet up, whips out a copy of "Moby Dick", and starts to read.

Duckman and Cornfed pull their heads back into the tent.

CORNFED
I don't think he's leaving.

EXT. CARNIVAL PARKING LOT -- NIGHT.

The Buick sits parked in the lot. In the background, the Ferris wheel goes around and around. From the trunk we hear a muffled tune.

AJAX
(singing)
Oh, the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon, little boy blue and the man in the moon...

A one-eyed man carrying a billy club steps into frame and looks around, scanning the horizon.

AJAX
(singing)
When you coming home, Dad? I don't know when...we'll get together then, son...

The one-eyed man starts to weep

AJAX
(singing)
I know will have a good time then...

The weeping one-eyed man slowly walks away. Ajax suddenly stops singing.

AJAX
Hey, is somebody out there? Hey!

INT. BEARDED LADY'S TENT -- NIGHT.

Duckman paces wildly back and forth, Cornfed watching.

DUCKMAN
We gotta get outta here, goddammit!

CORNFED
Maybe we can reason with them.

DUCKMAN
Reason with them? They're drunken one-eyed men for Chrissake! You ever tried reasoning with a drunken one-eyed man?

CORNFED
Well, what are we gonna do then?

Suddenly, Duckman stops pacing and stares at something off screen. His face brightens.

DUCKMAN
Hello. What's this?

Cornfed sees what Duckman is looking at. His face drops.

CORNFED
Oh, no...I'm not doing that! I'm a guy gosh dang it! A guy, do you hear? A guy! A guy! A guy!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF TENT -- LATER.

Duckman and Cornfed waddle out of the tent, dressed from head to toe as women. They wear dresses, nylons, highheeled shoes, wigs and makeup.

CORNFED
This is the most degrading moment of my life.

DUCKMAN
Oh, you like it and you know it. Now, try to act like a lady.

Cornfed grunts and pulls on his slip. Duckman and Cornfed make their way toward the parking lot. As they walk they keep losing balance on their high heels.

ONE-EYED MAN (O.S)
Uh, excuse me there, girls...

Duckman and Cornfed freeze as the One-Eyed Man steps up behind them.

ONE-EYED MAN
You wouldn't a happened to of seen a couple a little jerks running around, would ya? A duck and a pig?

DUCKMAN
(in a high pitched, fake woman's voice)
A duck and a pig? Oh, goodness no. If I'd have seen a duck and a pig I would've certainly informed the proper authorities. Can't have any of that riff-raff running around.

The One-Eyed Man looks at Duckman more closely, then smiles swarmily.

ONE-EYED MAN
Say, you're kinda cute.

DUCKMAN
Oh, why, uh, thank you. You're not so bad yourself, big fella.

Duckman hits the One-Eyed Man playfully with a folded up fan.

CORNFED
(in his own version of a woman's voice -- pulling on Duckman's sleeve)
Come on, Charlene. We're going to be late for church.

The One-Eyed man leans in close to Duckman.

ONE-EYED MAN
Say, doll, if you can get rid of yer little friend there, what do ya say you and me get together later behind the big top?

Duckman giggles playfully, then bonks the One-Eyed Man a bit harder with his fan.

DUCKMAN
Fresh.

Cornfed tugs harder at Duckman's sleeve.

CORNFED
I said come on, Charlene.

Suddenly, someone lets out a wolf whistles off screen. Several other one-eyed men enter frame and start to surround Duckman and Cornfed.

ONE-EYED MAN #2
Hey, Barney, found yerself a couple of little fillies, eh?

Duckman giggles.

DUCKMAN
Oh, you boys. Naughty, naughty, naughty.

He hits them one by one with his fan. As he does, his wig starts to slip. Cornfed sees it. His eyes go big.

CORNFED
Charlene! Can't keep the minister waiting.

Duckman waves him away.

DUCKMAN
Oh, now, Margo, don't be coy. If the boys want admire a beautiful young flower like me, what's the harm in it. Admire, admire, admire...

Duckman hits them all harder. His wig completely falls off.

DUCKMAN
After all you don't see a woman like me every day.

ANGLE ON THE ONE-EYED MEN -- as they slowly realize...

ONE-EYED MAN #1
Hey, wait a minute. You're no lady. You're...
(his eyes bug in realization)
...the duck!

Duckman reacts.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT as Duckman and Cornfed run full speed toward the car, the one-eyed men a few steps behind.

DUCKMAN
(to Cornfed)
Run, Margo, run!

CUT TO:

EXT. DUCKMAN'S HOUSE -- DAWN.

The Buick drives up to Duckman's house and parks.

INT. THE BUICK -- DAWN.

Duckman and Cornfed sit without moving, staring out the window. Duckman looks completely dejected.

DUCKMAN
Welp, Corny, here we are: a couple of two bit floozies in pink chiffon.

Duckman pulls off his wig and throws it aside.

DUCKMAN
I feel like the biggest failure in the world. How bout you?

CORNFED
I just feel cheap.

Duckman takes off the rest of his clothes. Corfed keeps trying to reach back behind his back.

DUCKMAN
I call myself a detective. Ha! I couldn't even find my own kid. I'm pathetic. I'm a loser.

CORNFED
(struggling with his dress)
Excuse me, Duckman, could you unzip me?

Duckman unzips him. Cornfed lets out a long relaxed sigh.

DUCKMAN
I mean, poor little guy -- he's out there somewhere, cold and alone, no one to turn to, no one to give him a shoulder to cry on, no one to tuck him in at night.

CORNFED
You tuck him in at night?

DUCKMAN
Well, no, but Beatrice does -- I think. Anyway, I just miss the little shit, okay? I mean, hell, he's my kid.

In the background, a small hole starts to open in the vinyl padding of the backseat.

DUCKMAN
Oh, I know, I call him stupid, and lazy, and fat, and idiotic...

We start to see the top of Ajax's head poking through the widening hole.

DUCKMAN
...and boring, and hideous, and backward...

Ajax's head pops out of the seat and he looks around, confused.

DUCKMAN
...and hopeless, and embarrassing, and moronic...

Ajax struggles to pull himself out of the backseat.

DUCKMAN
But that doesn't mean I don't love him. I mean, he's my son for God's sake!
(he shrugs)
Well, either mine or that guy Beatrice met at the park, but they're pretty sure it was me. Aw, hell, I just love the little jerk, okay?

AJAX
Dad! You love me.

Duckman and Cornfed turn, surpised.

DUCKMAN
Ajax, it's you! You're all right! My boy!

EXT. BUICK -- CONT.

Duckman and Cornfed jump out of the car, and pull Ajax out of the backseat. Ajax finally comes loose with a "thwunk." Duckman and Ajax embrace happily.

AJAX
Dad!

Duckman is uncharacteristically overcome with emotion.

DUCKMAN
Oh, Ajax. My little boy. Fruit of my loom. What were you doing in there anyway?

AJAX
I was locked in the trunk of your car.

DUCKMAN
Locked in the trunk? You little dickens. How'd you get locked in the trunk?

AJAX
I bet some kid I could pick the lock.

Duckman grins and turns to Cornfed, like "isn't that cute?"

DUCKMAN
He bet some kid he could pick the lock.
(turning back to Ajax, his grin fading all at once)
You idiot!

Duckman hits him with a rolled up Racing Form.

AJAX
Oww.

Duckman lunges for him. Ajax jumps up and runs. Duckman chases him.

DUCKMAN
How could anybody be so stupid!

Duckman hits him again with the newspaper. Ajax runs for the front door.

AJAX
Owww. Mom! Mom!

DUCKMAN
I spent all night looking for you! Do you know what I've been through? You selfish little brat! Wait 'til I get my hands on you! I'll flatten you!

Duckman chases him toward the front door. The door flies open and Beatrice appears, in lavendar and pink running clothes.

BEATRICE
Duckman! What are you doing?

AJAX
Mom! Dad hit me on the head.

BEATRICE
You hit him?!

DUCKMAN
No, I uh, er, I found him, dear. I solved the case. See, here he is, safe and sound.

BEATRICE
You hit our son? You bastard!

She whops him on the head with a bag of wheatgerm.

DUCKMAN
Oww!

BEATRICE
How dare you? He's only an innocent boy.

She hits him again. Whop! Whop! Duckman runs and Beatrice chases him down the block.

DUCKMAN
You don't understand. Beatrice, honey-doll, my little dumpling, let me explain.

BEATRICE
You can't outrun me, Duckman. I came in second in the Tri-State Ten-K.

DUCKMAN
Cornfed! Save me! She's possessed.

Cornfed hops into Duckman's car, starts the engine, then turns and roars off the opposite direction.

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END.